

UL DEATH

Falls into Ditch and Is Broken.

Special: Last night Miss Mrs. Irene Moore and her husband, living at Greenwood, went to the Metroplex and escaped to a car away from her car, to the dark side, and fell into a ditch, where she was found by a fire department and taken to the Toronto & York Road hospital.

PATRIOT.

England Opened Door for Russian.

Special: Nov. 2—Nicholas, the aged Russian patriot, imprisoned in this country, was released at a quarter after four, and returned to England, where he is being cared for by the Russian Consulate.

WITH CANNIBALS.

by Blue Rockets—Care Sacred Fringe.

Special: The most hideous guinea-fowl, as British New Zealand authorities, and local authorities, are the most hideous of the interior of the island, where they have been found by a party of explorers.

Special: A friendly tribe, seven, the trader and his wife, were reported at a station on the expedition was organized by the Government.

Special: The expedition was organized by the Government, and followed to the wind-swept cemetery the husband with whom she had pioneered through long weary years.

Special: The woman, who was a turned out in great force and accompanied the expedition, and did not take part in the raiding of Kharavi in the morning.

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Good Neighbours All

(Charles Moreau Harger, in the Outlook.)

"Why did you come back?" I asked a westerner who returned to a prairie town after two years in New York. It seemed incomprehensible that he should leave the excitement of lower Broadway for the monotony of the broad plains.

"Neighbors!" was his response, "would you want to spend your life where the people twenty feet away do not know your name or care whether you live or die? We were brought up with neighbors—and when the baby died and not a person in the blessed town came near us, when we went alone to the cemetery, it was too much. We packed up and started for home—what's the use of living that way?"

Does neighborliness exist, like our old geometry problems, in inverse ratio to the square of the distance? Perhaps it is. One day last summer, away out in the western Kansas wheat lands, where distances are magnificent and the per capita population in decimal fractions, a settler became ill. He had fifty acres of fine wheat already turning yellow in the sun.

He had no hired man, nor had he the means to engage a doctor. He had counted on "changing work" with some one and thus getting his grain to market. Day after day he tossed in bed, and his wife, who had been his nurse, was worn out. The nearest town was three miles away, and the whole township had but seven families.

One morning three self-helpers with full complements of helpers came rattling over the prairie. The drivers did not ask for permission, but went boldly into the field. Round and round the machine went, reaping the ripe grain and leaving shocks of gold dappling the level lands.

The sick man heard the buzz of the reapers and tried to get to his feet—but his wife told him what was happening, and he fell into a deep, sweet sleep. It is no slight thing to give up a day in the midst of reaping harvest, and the farmer's miles may have his crop, but it is a pretty good sort of sentiment that prompts the action. It may be that it will count for something sometime.

When the evening star shone over the an act such as marked a far frontier community in which I spent a night recently," asked the former New York settler, "in the dingy office of a notary public, in a room where the only light came from three candles, and where a man carrying a violin, a banjo and a guitar, were ranchers from the Pawnee Valley, and had been out twenty miles on the plains when he was sick and nearly blind, with no one to read to him and no music except that of the ceaseless wind, do you not realize that they had done much more than simply did what they could without thinking. The leader of the trio started little by little, and the others followed, and in the west a poor boy with horses and a registered cattle so good that they take prizes at every royal stock show in Kansas. Yet he found time to go to the school, to buy the needed library for the Sunday school, several additions to the school joined the pickers the next day, and close to six thousand pounds were picked. All denominations kept their libraries with the cotton-planter, who provided liberal meals and sleeping quarters for the workers, and the entire party, he said, taking into consideration the feeding and housing of the various denominations, it cost him less than the time he spent in his own work. By the time his contract with the temperance people expired, his cotton was safe, his neighbors were well, and the country helped.

A similar experience was that of a central Kansas farmer, who said to the President of the City Library Association: "Why don't you women get out of the kitchen and into the world? You see who's coming!" From the window of the cabin-like farm-house she discerned in the north across the prairie with teams, ploughs and harrows. All centered at the farm, and without stopping to ask her permission went to work, turning over the chisel-tined furrows. The harvest was followed, then the corn-planters. Thirty teams made the short work of the sixty acres, and by noon half the land was ready for spring rains.

"Now, Mrs. Mason," said the leader, "they were welcome indeed. The bounties of a dozen homes had been brought to the open air. The men were used to 'beach' their food like veterans. They had brought tables for the meal, and the spread looked very good to the children. 'Come on, youngsters,' called the leader, 'have something with us—' 'They were welcome indeed. The bounties of a dozen homes had been brought to the open air. The men were used to 'beach' their food like veterans. They had brought tables for the meal, and the spread looked very good to the children. 'Come on, youngsters,' called the leader, 'have something with us—'

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Ample Boxes Free

Every mother, every father, every head, every local septic essence kills all disease germs on a wound. Then it builds up new tissue. Mothers have proved it best for the delicate skin of babies. It is purely heral, never goes rancid, never stains, is free from the usual animal fats, and mineral poisons. It is used the world over! Why! Once you try it you will know. All stores and druggists, 50c. box or post free, Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.



THE GREAT SKIN-CURE.

The wanderer had had in her youth a pretty talent for art in its simpler forms, and one day she was called into a room that was out of the short grass country. It is passed from herder to herder, from addy to addy (no one ever says 'add house' in the short grass country), until it is soon common property for twenty miles around. And then the boys make it their business to see that Tom is looked after. One day he was riding over and inquired how he was; by two they come to 'laik up' him—no need of the lodge delegating him out here. Nothing too good for Tom when he is sick, and Tom does not get well—no need to tell how the tenaciousness of the plains then shows itself. No one ever leaves the west with the feeling that 'nobody cared'.

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A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

The Trouble Yields to the Rich, Red Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

Ask any doctor and he will tell you that rheumatism is rooted in the blood; that nothing can cure it that does not reach the blood; it is sheer waste of money and time to try to cure rheumatism with liniments and lotions that only go to the skin. You can cure rheumatism with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which enrich the blood, drive out the poisonous acid and loosen the stiffened, aching joints. Among the thousands of rheumatic sufferers cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mr. W. A. Taylor, Newcastle, N. B., who says: 'Four months ago I was a great sufferer from rheumatism, which was seated in my shoulders and knee joints. I tried liniments and blistering, but with no effect. In fact, the trouble was getting worse, and my knee joints were so stiff that they would snap if I stooped, and I could scarcely straighten up. A friend told me of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I bought a box. I took them for a week, and the trouble disappeared. That was two years ago, and as I have had no return of the trouble I feel safe in assuming that the cure is permanent.'

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Advertisement for Six Silver Tea Spoons, featuring an illustration of a teapot and cups, and text describing the product and its availability.

Advertisement for Baby's Own Tablets, a medicine for children, with text describing its benefits and availability.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, featuring an illustration of the product box and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for Ryrie Bros. Ltd. featuring an illustration of a tie pin and text describing the product and the company's location in Toronto.